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THE VISION OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY: CHARACTER, CODE
AND STYLE

by

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A THESIS

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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies for acceptance, a thesis entitled "The Vision of Ernest Hemingway: Character, Code and Style" submitted by Olga P. Martyanova in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

ABSTRACT

The intention of this thesis is to investigate the relationship of style, subject-matter, characterization and general view of the world in the writings of Ernest Hemingway. To achieve this purpose, attention is centered primarily on three novels taken respectively from the beginning, middle and end of his career--The Sun Also Rises, For Whom the Bell Tolls, and The Old Man and the Sea.

The world of Ernest Hemingway is a world at war. The people of this world act under the conditions imposed by war. Their pleasures are limited to those of the senses, and their morality is purely pragmatic: what's moral is what you feel good after. The danger of death, nearly always imminent in Hemingway's fiction, gives meaning to life. Confrontation with death reveals to Hemingway's characters two opposite ways of life--simple and complex, authentic and un-authentic. A decision to be an authentic person and to bear the responsibilities of personal action means to achieve individuality as the only vital entity of existence.

This world is presented in its appropriate style, a colloquial prose characterized by simplicity of diction and sentence structure. The typical sentence is a simple declarative one, or two of them joined by a conjunction. Events are described strictly in the sequence in which they occurred; no mind reorders or analyses them, no author comments on the perceptions of the characters. The strictly disciplined sentences parallel the strict controls imposed upon the hero and his emotions. The style is the content, and in Hemingway's best work a perfect imaginative unity is created.

INTRODUCTION

[The Introduction to this thesis is taken verbatim from a University of Alberta M.A. thesis, The History and Practice of Interior Monologue in the Soviet Novel (1963) by G.H. Schaarschmidt, quoted in order to provide a context for the further argument.]

De Saussure distinguished two main aspects of language: *ergon* or *langue*, i.e. language as a system, as a social phenomenon, and *energeia* or *parole*, i.e. language in individual use. Charles Bally further developed de Saussure's theory and distinguished rational and emotional element in language:

Le sujet parlant donne aux mouvements de l'esprit tantôt une forme objective, intellectuelle, aussi conforme que possible à la réalité; tantôt, et le plus souvent, il y joint à doses très variables, des éléments affectifs...¹

These emotional elements are exactly what the science of style, or stylistics, deals with. Stylistics is the study of language in its totality. It goes beyond other disciplines of linguistics, such as morphology, phonology or lexicology. Charles Bally has expressed this very clearly:

...la stylistique embrasse le domaine entier du langage. Tous les phénomènes linguistiques, depuis les sons jusqu'aux combinaisons syntaxiques les plus complexes... tous les faits linguistiques, quels qu'ils soient, peuvent manifester quelque parcelle de la vie de l'esprit et quelque mouvement de la sensibilité.²

But Bally attempted to draw a line between stylistics and style.

¹Charles Bally, Traité de stylistique française (Genève: Librairie Georg & C. 1951), I, 12

²Charles Bally, Le langage et la vie (Genève: E. Droz, 1952), p. 62

Stylistics for him is the study of the peculiarities of the language of an individual and its divergences from that of the group. He considers that there is no explicitly communicative function in a work of literature. The writer only has an aesthetic intention in his use of language: "il veut faire de la beauté avec les mots comme le peintre en fait avec les couleurs et le musicien avec les sons"³

In this respect Marcel Cressot seems nearer the truth when he says:

Pour nous, l'oeuvre littéraire n'est pas autre chose qu'une communication, et toute l'esthétique qu'y fait rentrer l'écrivain n'est en définitive qu'un moyen de gagner plus sûrement l'adhésion du lecteur.⁴

This, indeed, is a very important point. Language is used by the author to arouse the reader's emotions and so involve him more deeply in the work. The discoveries of the individual artist fix and bring into social consciousness a changed view of reality. The term reality, in reference to art, embraces both the outer, objective world of nature and human activity, and the inner, subjective psychological world of thought about life and response to it. The unique quality of art is that it shows what it means to live at a certain moment, or stage of development of social life.

On the one hand stylistics belongs to the field of general linguistics and investigates the emotional forces of language rather than

³Bally, Traite de Stylistique française, 1, p. 19

⁴Marcel Cressot, Le Style et ses Techniques (Paris: Presses Universitaires, 1959) p. 3

the mere faculty of speech. It is a perfect synthesis of all linguistics disciplines. Stylistics goes beyond other disciplines of linguistics because it studies language as a whole. Consequently it needs these other disciplines as auxiliary sciences. Stylistics also borders on another field, literary criticism.

Marcel Cressot sees the author as a member of a group of individuals who seeks communication with the other members in the special form of his writing. Consequently, style means far more than a few linguistic factors, such as syntax, lexicology, or phonology. The concept of style denotes the attitude the author assumes towards the material which life affords. The author is not only a creator of certain stylistic media, but also expresses his view of the world, his personal experiences and peculiarities. All these facts enter the personal style of an author. The degree of an author's individuality in his style can vary widely however. We feel the presence of the author much more in novels of the last century than in novels written in our days in England or America. For the reader of a novel written in the 18th or 19th centuries it was not difficult to say who was the narrator. In the majority of these novels the narrator is the omniscient author who comments on the social conditions of his time, who philosophizes, and who often moralizes on the behaviour of people. The reader of a novel regards the author as a reliable source of knowledge about life. The author is present everywhere in order to inform the reader properly on all the circumstances of the action, to explain the characters, and to point out "how, from the failures and successes of the characters, you may form a sane and right philosophy of conduct."⁵

⁵Joseph Warren Beach, The Twentieth Century Novel: Studies in Technique (New York, London: The Century Co. 1832), p. 14

A look at modern literary practice in the Western novel reveals that this attitude has been changed radically:

"In a bird's-eye view of the English novel from Fielding to Ford, the one thing that will impress you more than any other is the disappearance of the author."⁶

Since the time of Henry James, the outstanding feature in Western literature has been that "the story tells itself, being conducted through the impressions of the character."⁷ The concept of style and author are both subject to historical change, they are not constant throughout the history of literature.

Very often we find that the style of various works of one and the same author differs greatly. We often speak of an "early style" and a "late style" in a single author. Sometimes this is simply caused by the fact that the author has matured. But there are other and more powerful influences, principally external. In many cases he simply wishes to experiment. But in almost all cases a change in style is a result of influence from outside.

We should not forget that the basic purpose of communication is to be understood by the other individuals of the group or by the group as a whole. Therefore the author cannot entirely ignore the society he lives in. He wants to meet the demands and desires of the reading public. This has to be considered in a definition of the particular position of the author and his relation to style. It follows from our

⁶Beach, The Twentieth Century Novel, p. 14

⁷Ibid., p. 15

preliminary remarks that the concept of style is at the same time a linguistic, psychological and social fact.

CHAPTER I

Hemingway's aim as a writer is not so easy to express, although it is easy to sense what he means when he speaks of "writing truly". He seeks to achieve a complete response from his readers, to communicate with them in such a way that they experience a total intellectual and emotional sympathy with what he has written, a sense of identification with the complex of mood or emotion and action he is recreating through the medium of his prose. Our emotions are created in response to things that happen to and in us--what we see and hear and smell and feel. If the essence of these things is put accurately into words, we should respond emotionally to them; the more accurately the writer expresses them, the more accurately he will control the impression his words make on us. Hemingway writes of what he knows, from his own experience, to be true; and he writes of it as honestly, directly and unambiguously as he can. His achievement does rank him amongst the most important writers of the twentieth century. His range of subject matter is not wide, but he has explored it honestly and thoroughly, taking for his themes some of the central experiences of his own and the succeeding generation, bred in an age of devastating war and violence; where even to survive is something of a miracle, and in which for many people the traditional values are disrupted and the meaning of existence obscured. To this kind of world Hemingway has brought his own vision, formed by his own experience; and he has in the process forged his own tools for writing about it, or, in the words of Nobel

Prize citation, he has achieved a "powerful style-forming mastery of the art of modern narration." He had a heroic pathos which forms the basic element in his awareness of life and a natural admiration of every individual who fights the good fight in a world of reality overshadowed by violence and death. Courage was his central theme--"the bearing of one who is put to the test and who steels himself to meet the cold cruelty of existence without by so doing repudiating the great and generous moments...He is one of the great writers of our time, one of those who, honestly and undauntedly, reproduces the genuine features of the hard countenance of the age."

Hemingway's hero is a man conscious of the fact that life turns out through no fault of his own, to be less perfect than he had expected or dared to hope. Unrelieved pessimism, however, is no answer to the human predicament: it is a denial of life. Hemingway's code prescribes the attitude of courage, honesty, and generous feeling which will enable the hero, despite the pressure upon, to get through life decently and honourably.

Hemingway's preoccupation with the plight of the individual in a world overshadowed with pain and violence marks him out, from the beginning of his career, as a writer who is essentially a moralist.

The Hemingway hero is not, as many people have thought, a tough, hard-boiled brute obsessed by an appetite for blood-sports, drink and women. He is, on the contrary, deeply sensitive, hard-bitten rather than hard-boiled, and suffering profoundly from the fang marks of experience. It is only by being tough with himself that he can survive, perhaps by dealing in death that he can accept the fact of death. The realization that the world "kills the very good and the very gentle and the very

⁸The President of the Swedish Academy in Stockholm, The Times, 11 Dec., 1954

brave impartially"⁹ is one of the wounds inflicted on the Hemingway hero. His search was for the wound that might restore the courage taken away by an earlier wound.

It would be unwise to identify Hemingway completely with his fictional creations. There is something of the author in every one of every author's characters, but complete identification is only found when the invention has shrunk to nothing. The numbing sensation of fear is one of the central features of his work. Its expression rises quite naturally out of his war experience. Hemingway's wound in Italy marked him for life, spiritually as well as physically. The shock of his wound was so great that he has spent a large part of the rest of his life trying to assure himself that he is not scared. Whenever Hemingway is writing of failure he usually ascribes it to fear. He sought violence and brutality in an attempt to dissolve his doubts.

Hemingway's philosophy of life has been the hard, wrung-from-the-heart product of life in an age which has been, in many ways, more difficult than any other. In a time when death is so mechanical and impersonal as to produce the nada-concept. "Our time" is a time of violence and brutality to exceed that of all other times. The only peace for our time is the "separate peace", the nervous half-peace which can be won only by the individual and must be won over and over again.

The most obviously recurrent motif in all of Hemingway's work has been the subject of death, or of violence, which is "only another form of death in which the victim survives."¹⁰ In the blinding flash

⁹Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 259

¹⁰

Frederick Hoffman "No Beginning and no End: Hemingway and Death", Essays in Criticism, (Jan., 1953) 75

of a shell, in the dangerous vicinity of a wounded lion, in the sudden contact of a bull's horn, in that moment between life and imminent death where time and place are irrelevant questions, man faces his freedom. Nothing has any meaning at that instant except survival and existence. The superfluities of culture, race, tradition, even religion, all disappear in the face of one overpowering fact--the necessity to exist on an individual basis. This is the "separate peace", the only peace which can be won in our time.

All Hemingway heroes are wounded. In "The Sun Also Rises" he is Jake Barnes, emasculated by the war. In "For Whom the Bell Tolls" he is Jordan, reflecting on the negro he had seen lynched when he was a child, and still thinking about being handed the gun with which his father had committed self-murder. And in "The Old Man and the Sea" there is still the protagonist who holds tight against pain. "I must hold his pain where it is" thinks Santiago as he grips the line on his fish. "Mine does not matter. I can control mine, but his pain could drive him mad." Hemingway's hero is to be a wounded man; and it is invariably the wound that sets him apart from all other men, that constitutes him an individual. As Jake Barnes, he is barred even from sexual relations. As Robert Jordan, he must cover the retreat of others. And as old Santiago, he fishes alone.

There is just one catch to the fact that life receives its real meaning when set over against death: for life to continue to have meaning, the death experience must be repeated again and again. The tension must be maintained or the protagonist ceases to be an individual. The extreme sense of contemporaneity can be traced in all works. The accentuation of the present moment is seen in the case of the old

man Santiago going to sea to prove his prowess again: "The thousand times he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it." Or in the words of Robert Jordan when he reflects that it is possible, providing you have reached a certain age, to live as full a life in seventy hours as in seventy years: "And if there is not any such thing to a long time, nor the rest of your lives, nor from now on, but there is only now, why then now is the thing to praise and I am very happy with it. Now, ahora, maintenant, heute. Now, it has a funny sound to be a whole world and your life." Life is only an infinite succession of nows. But quite naturally the question may arise: What are Hemingway's heroes trying to prove? Why don't the expatriates of The Sun Also Rises come back to the States and settle down? And Robert Jordan? The answer is, they have seen real life, vital, authentic life, through the trauma of death, and they must continually recreate it. Catherine Henry alters the old quotation "The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave but one," to "The brave dies perhaps two thousand deaths if he's intelligent." He sought the presence of violent death. He saw it as simple, fundamental, uncomplicated—and as a revealer of freedom. So when Romero says in The Sun Also Rises that he kills the bulls so they don't kill him, it is another way of saying that he asserts himself as an individual by taking life at the moment when he can most easily lose it. The Hemingway hero, reincarnated in each of his wounded strong men, passes through the experience of violence into a world that is invariably simpler than the one from which he has come. Living in the presence of death establishes honest being itself as that which

is worth seeking in our time. Consequently those who have seen death at close range never re-enter the old world of complications, where one buys consolation at the price of individuality. Instead, they seek to perpetuate the traumatically induced simplicity by continual visitations to scenes of violence, to wars, to bullfights and excitement on the high seas. The opposition between these two worlds, one simple, the other complicated, is present in the entire body of Hemingway's fiction, and the bifurcation always occurs after an experience of violence or death, in which the distinction between authentic existence and complicated being is made clearly recognizable.

As it was the war and the experience of death that revealed "simplicity" to Hemingway, so it was the war that reduced his morality from the complicated to simple. The joy of life to the ordinary man whose morals are not always agitating him consists in being very naughty one moment and very good (healthy) the next. Hemingway's sense of morality is judged by its effects: moral conduct should bring with it a feeling of fulfillment, not of self-righteousness. The aim in life should be enjoyment and the truly moral life will be the one in which enjoyment is attained. The necessary corollary is that you should not hurt other people, i.e. attain to enjoyment at the expense of others.

"So far, about morals, I know only what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after and judged by these moral standards, which I do not defend, the bullfight is very moral to me because I feel very fine while it is going on and have a feeling of life and death and mortality and immortality, and after it is

over I feel very sad but very fine." ¹¹

The best illustration of the Hemingway ethic appears in "The Sun Also Rises." Jake liked to see Mike Campbell hurt Cohn's feelings. (It made him feel good). But afterwards he felt disgusted. (You should not hurt other people). "That was morality; things that made you disgusted afterwards. No, that must be immorality."

Hemingway's hero is tough, but, first of all, before he is tough with anybody else, he is tough with himself. Robert Jordan constantly checks his action and thinking to certify their correctness. After the incident in which he shoots the Fascist cavalryman he says to himself, "But you behaved O.K. So far you have behaved all right." But it is only so far--the tension will continue as long as he lives. For Hemingway there is very definitely a correct way to live and a correct way to die, and his heroes are heroes because they choose the way that imparts form to their lives.

Hemingway seems to feel that the disappearance of God is one of the factors that make our time so different and so difficult. Only at night do Hemingway's heroes feel the vestiges of religion, for it is only at night that the mind is not well lighted and well ordered. As Jake Barnes says, "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing." This day-and-night, light-and-dark symbolism is present in all Hemingway's fiction. It shows up again and again in the thinking of characters, as in Jake Barnes, who says, "There is no reason why because it is dark you should look at things differently from when it is light. The hell there isn't!" Religion, then, belongs principally among the night thoughts. So Old Anselmo can say in the daytime that "we do not have God here any more, neither His

¹¹ Death in the Afternoon, p. 2

Son nor the Holy Ghost." But when he sees the Fascist cavalry unit ride by in the twilight with Sordo's gun and a strange blanket roll, and when he crosses Sordo's hilltop and sees the bomb craters and understands that the blanket roll contained the heads of Sordo and hismen, he walks along in the dark freezing with fear, and begins to pray for the souls of Sordo and his band. "It was the first time he had prayed since the start of the movement." And it was at night. For these people, religion in our time has a certain mysterious appeal. In some Hemingway characters the suspicion lingers that there was something worth while about the religious, and old Santiago promises to say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys and to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin de Cobre if he catches a good fish. Yet he says, "I am not religious." The hero is very much alone in this world, because he has no God, and no real brother.

Hemingway stresses the extreme importance of the individual. He sees that individuality is not a quality which can be superimposed externally on a man, but that it must be internally achieved by a decision to be at all times an authentic person and to accept the full responsibility of action proper to an agent. In his philosophy the opportunity for such a decision is presented as a moment of crisis, which, for him is produced by confronting death or violence. For Hemingway the choice is never made finally, but must be made again and again, as if it had never been made before. The real hero is the man who chooses this difficult way to himself, who perpetually reconstitutes his existence by choosing to be authentic and to bear the responsibilities of personal action. But the individual is responsible not only for his own individuality but for all men. So when Hemingway writes in "To have and Have Not" that a man hasn't got a bloody chance alone and when in "For Whom

the Bell Tolls" he begins by quoting Donne's "No man is an island, entire of itself...therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee" he is expanding his treatment of the individual as the individual is related to the whole of humanity, and at a time when a man must not, as Anselmo accuses Pablo of doing, put "thy fox-hole before the interests of humanity." To insure the world freedom which guarantees individual freedom, the hero has been known to join the army in time of war. In doing so he swears allegiance to the brotherhood of man and voluntarily suspends his own subjectivity until the freedom of all is assured. Duty and discipline are necessary in time of war. Even though they seem impossible of success, orders should be carried out. But subsequent to the statement that men must become objects not agents in time of war, as soon as war is over the individual takes up his freedom again. To be externally disciplined is a strain upon the hero, and he anxiously awaits the dissolution of the fraternity and the moment of his return to the separate peace. The hero is very much alone in this world.

There is not even any real lasting love for him. Death being an indiscriminate simplifier, it shears away love with all the other complications of life. Even when a man and woman try to reach an ideal love like the "I am thee" of Maria and Robert Jordan, it is interrupted by death.

The hero is honest, virile and very sensitive. He is brave, but he is also very nervous. Every single one of Hemingway heroes will die a thousand times before his death, and although he will learn how to live with some of his troubles, and how to overcome others, he will never completely recover from his wounds.

Something was needed to bind these wounds, and there is in Hemingway a consistent character who performs this function. He is to be distinguished from the hero, for he comes to balance the hero's deficiencies, to correct his stance. The man can be called the "code hero" because he represents a code according to which the hero, if he could attain it, would be able to live properly in the world of violence, disorder, and misery to which he has been introduced and which he inhabits. The code hero, then, offers up and exemplifies certain principles of honour, courage, and endurance which in a life of tension and pain make a man a man, and enable him to conduct himself well in the battle that is life. He shows, in Hemingway's famous phrase for it "grace under pressure". He is young matador Romero in "The Sun Also Rises". But the finest of these code heroes is old Santiago of "The Old Man and the Sea". One can find a number of correspondences among Hemingway's wounded heroes: avoidance of self-pity; a fatalistic acceptance of one's troubles as a bit of rotten luck; the lonely struggle to hold on when overstrained emotions are making one's mind jump around; fear of the dark; a kind of secret understanding which exists between those who have been through the same experiences, and who can help each other by a grim ironic joking. The mystique of code seems to depend on the courageous acceptance of disasters which one has not necessarily brought upon himself. "The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places", and these are the people who are Hemingway's heroes. Those who conform to the code all have courage, and this not only implies moral courage, but is usually identified with physical prowess.

Hemingway's code is a mixture of pride, dignity, defiance and honour. It is a code for those who face death often and are not afraid. Hemingway belongs to the violent age. With no God in heaven, the protagonist becomes his own creator, giving form to his own life. Hemingway was truly serious about life. To face death and face it often; to renounce the more comfortable way of the complicated life in favour of the simpler; to learn to live in a world without God; and to learn to live with a self-imposed morality--this for Hemingway is to live authentically in our time. And there is no material more truly heroic for him than the life that is lived authentically.

As a writer Hemingway was exceptionally honest. "The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after," he writes in the last paragraph of Death in the Afternoon. The phrase about not writing "too damned much after" is not a casual one; it is something he believed in and followed. Hemingway rarely wrote casually. He hated falsity in writing. Insincerity can creep into writing, unknown to the author. But trying too hard to avoid insincerity can produce the greatest insincerity of all. The great sin of a writer is to write consciously for a public. And it is a tribute to Hemingway that when we get it from him we notice the insincerity. None is perfect, and Hemingway had been guilty of dishonesty, but his standards stayed high. "A writer's job is to tell the truth," said Hemingway in 1942. What he has personally done, or what he knows unforgettably by having gone through it, is what he is interested in telling about. The primary intent of his writing, from first to last,

has been to seize and project for the reader what he has often called "the way it was." In the late twenties Hemingway gave such a definition to his aims: "Put down what I see and what I feel in the best and simplest way I can tell it."¹²

His aim from the beginning had been to show, if he could, the precise relationship between what he saw and what he felt. Aside from knowing "truly" what he really felt in the presence of any given piece of action, he found that his greatest difficulty lay in putting down on paper "what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion" felt by the observer. He was finding it hard to get the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion. "Whatever that real thing was if you stated it purely enough and were lucky there was a chance that your statement of it would be valid, esthetically and emotionally, forever."¹³

If you have what happened, where the idea of happening implies a sequence of events in a certain order in time, you will have a chance of reproducing "the way it was". Hemingway's fame was won largely by the simplicity of his style, which some call deceptive, meaning the ease is in the reading not in the writing. Simple writing is the hard way, leaving the author naked.

¹²Samuel Putnam, pp. 128-129

¹³Death in the Afternoon, p. 2

"If a man writes clearly enough anyone can see if he fakes. Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over."¹⁴

"Simplicity," wrote Lytton Strachey, "is often the surest test of an artist's power. A bad artist must fail when he is simple, but whoever is simple and succeeds must be great."¹⁵

Hemingway's defence could be that as he deliberately sets out to give as close a rendering of life through the medium of words as is possible, he could not honestly write in any other way.

It is impossible to discuss Hemingway's style without considering the verbal-emotional discipline which is its central feature. His style appears very casual and careless, yet it has enormous personality. His aim lies in the reproduction only of what he sees and hears. He always wrote down what he knew to be there, never simply what he saw. When he is not interested in a scene, Hemingway dismisses it with a few words, giving a generalized impression. But as soon as his interest becomes engaged we are presented with the details in all their sharp actuality.

Hemingway keeps both eyes on the object, half an eye on the man, and his ears are wide open. Kashkeen refers to a theory of "expressive suggestion"¹⁶ The suggestion is twofold, and its action corresponds to the difference in material, human and non-human. The reader gets no direct assistance from the author. But the reality of the characters is conveyed by a directly opposite method. They are never described in a

¹⁴Ibid. p. 191

¹⁵Spectator 101 (October 3, 1908)pp. 502-503

¹⁶A Tragedy of Craftsmanship, Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work edit. McCaffery

detailed way. It is impossible to think of a Hemingway character and describe his appearance with any certainty. We are given his mannerisms of gesture, perhaps, but more usually of speech. Characterization has never been Hemingway's strongest point. If we can actually hear his people speak, we cannot always see them act. There is no struggle with the author as it happens often when reading novelists of the past, where a personal image conflicts with the carefully delineated image presented by his creator. Hemingway allows us to share in creation, we finish out of our own experience the sketch he has begun. He likes to sketch a scene with a few bare yet significant strokes, follow with action and then conversation, and then enclose the whole with a return to the original scene. Visually it consists of broken paragraphs at beginning and end and lines of conversation in between.

How does Hemingway's sensibility gain its effect? "I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced."¹⁷ It was the necessity of shutting out feeling that Hemingway learnt in war and later turned to artistic use. A writer must decide on the effect he is looking for and make all others impossible. And Hemingway learned to make it artistically. Two central lessons in the art of expressing a true emotion were: freezing all the pre-existent ones and only letting yourself go on what you actually see and feel.

¹⁷Death in the Afternoon , 112

It was participation in war that taught these initial lessons. Hemingway draws attention to the fact that the pain of a wound does not start until about half an hour after it is sustained. If you do not know this and, in an effort of sensitive identification you begin to feel emotional distress immediately, you are wasting emotion and actually suffering worse agonies than the subject of the wound. Knowledge is as necessary in this field of artistic re-creation as in others. Emotion is left to the reader. It is an interesting matter of literary fact that when the writer emphasizes the emotion which he believes should be felt the reader becomes impatient. He is looking for his own emotions, he does not want to borrow them. The method of communicating unexpressed emotion by making the reader identify himself with objectively-described actions and reactions of his characters is one of Hemingway's favourite and most effective devices. Most writers were content to describe an emotion as it was felt by themselves or their heroes, in hopes that the reader would be moved by it, but Hemingway wanted to make his readers feel the emotion directly-- not as if they were being told about an event, but as if they were taking part in it. To produce this effect he set down exactly, in their proper sequence, the sights, sounds, tastes and smells that had produced an emotion he remembered feeling. Then, without comments and without saying that he or his hero had been frightened, sad or angry, he could make the reader feel the emotion for himself. Hemingway presents a scene or an action and the reader completes it emotionally. What impresses in Hemingway's works is the feeling for pathos without sentimentality. He takes great care in the presentation of emotion. If he leaves its experience to the reader he also has to show how and when it is felt by the people in his books. His method is based on closest observation.

The difference between him and most other writers is the economy of his method. One of Hemingway's early studies was the art of omission.

"If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water." That sort of dignity is difficult to attain, and Hemingway was working very hard to try to get it.

Hemingway has retained the ordinary man's way of looking at things. As John Lehmann wrote, you do not need a university education to get the full flavour from Hemingway. The peculiar feature of Hemingway's prose lies in the verbal simplicity of his style. Long words are eliminated or infrequently used. The sentences themselves are shorter. Few details are provided, and those offered are precise and concrete. References to a cultural and historical past are stripped away. Primary colors are accented. The immediate material world claims all the reader's attention. The result is a sharp, hard focus. His prose is based upon a vernacular diction and a colloquial manner had to be achieved. His goal in prose was "concision, or style, or saying what you mean in the fewest and clearest words."¹⁹ The vernacular offered new words and new rhythms whose expressive beauty had been revealed by Mark Twain. Gertrude Stein, working out of the style of Henry James, had analyzed and set forth

¹⁸New Writing in Europe, p. 47

¹⁹E. Pound.

some underlying patterns of the vernacular.

If Hemingway desired both the word cleanly placed and the object directly evoked then the two original masters of the American colloquial tradition, Mark Twain and Henry James, offered--either directly or through at least two practicing theorists, Pound and Stein--ways of achieving both ends, ways which often coincided.²⁰

Hemingway was a highly conscious writer. He had his influences, but he stood aside from them. His large debt was to journalism, and he always acknowledged it. Unlike many ex-newspapermen, however, he neither sentimentalized the profession nor misunderstood its essential threat to creative writing. "In newspaper work," he explained later, "you have to learn to forget every day what happened the day before." He always felt a parallel between journalism and war. Each, he maintained, is valuable to a writer "up until the point that it forcibly begins to destroy our memory" His views on this are emphatic. "A writer must leave it before that point. But he will always have scars from it."

Hemingway was consciously testing various approaches and stylistic techniques. He rarely repeated an experiment that failed to advance him stylistically. The writer must purify himself where the man cannot. A man's life is constant repetition but a writer's work must avoid this above all else. Writing becomes progressively more difficult. The first books are excavations of fresh resources; later comes refinement and search at deeper levels.

²⁰R. Bridgman, The Colloquial Style in America, New York, Oxford University Press, 1966, p. 202

Should I repeat myself? I don't think so. You have to repeat yourself again and again as a man but you should not do so as a writer.²¹

By stressing the colloquial emphasis upon the word, Hemingway brought his prose to a point of unparalleled verbal individuation. This concentration upon the word was made possible by Hemingway's modifying his diction, varying his rhythm so that attention was focused on the separate verbal units in the sentence. And furthermore, unlike Anderson, Hemingway paid the strictest attention not only to the units as devices for telling a story, but also to relations and patterns existing among them. As the first step Hemingway eliminated abstractions. He depended almost completely on concrete objects for the body of his prose. If there was meaning, the thing, the object, the image had to supply it. No meaning existed apart from this world of particulars. This was matched by the exclusion of all but the most essential qualifications. Even the minimally used adjectives and adverbs were sometimes translated into dependent clauses. The only adjective that is worth using is the adjective that is essential to the sense of the passage. Given this bareness, Hemingway found it useful to introduce emotional overtones into his prose. For this reason he retained the laconic narrator, whose reactions were expressed by colloquially overstated adverbs-- "very nice," "very funny," "awful," "plenty" and so on.

The key to the durability of Hemingway's style lies in variation in treatment of words. Rather than depend on a mechanically simplified diction and syntax, he created a dynamic complex of words in which the

²¹Hemingway, quoted by Harvey Breit, The New York Times, 17 Sept. 1950

various elements were determined quite as much by reference to one another as they were by reference to some observed reality. F. M. Ford has found a very good simile for the impression produced by this writing: "Hemingway's words strike you, each one, as if they were pebbles fetched fresh from a brook. They live and shine; each in its place. So one of his pages has the effect of a brook-bottom into which you look down through the flowing water. The words form a tessellation, each in order beside the other."

Hemingway's mode of stylistic attack changes too often and is too clearly signalled to be accidental. He did not follow a mechanical rhythm and such diversity was not unique to him. But Sherwood Anderson, for example, had nothing like Hemingway's variety of effect, and indeed he was only intermittently aware of the necessity of relieving colloquial simplicity with contrast. He could rapidly bore or irritate with his stretches of declarative sentences bearing simple-minded images and ideas across the page. Similarly, the prose of Lardner and Stein, was too often of a piece, unrolling long ribbons of narrative without respite. Hemingway's style was eclectic, alert for the incipient monotony that dogs the colloquial style. He enlivened his prose by means of formal variety, and he polished his stylistic surfaces to reflect his meaning.²²

Hemingway is a master of dialogue.

"No one can deny that Ernest Hemingway is one of the best writers of dialogue of the younger American school."²³ This is a point on which all critics seems to agree, and his mastery of dialogue was recognized

²² Richard Bridgman, The Colloquial Style in America, p. 222

²³ From Boston Transcript, quoted in Book Review Digest, 1929.

from the very beginning of his career. His dialogue has got to sound right. Sam Boal describes how, when he had finished his day's work, Hemingway insisted on reading it over to anyone who could be pressed into service. The reading was punctuated by questions: "That sound right? Hit your ears right? People talk that way?"²⁴ This is the technical illustration of the fact that Hemingway's appeal was solely on the senses. Success is controlled by selection, by repetition and colloquial rhythm.

So far we were discussing Hemingway's code, hero, and peculiarities of his style generally. Let us look now at these things on the example of his three major novels, which represent three different stages of his creative activity: The Sun Also Rises, For Whom the Bell Tolls, and The Old Man and the Sea

²⁴"I Tell You True," Parx East, December 1950

CHAPTER II

What Hemingway had done in The Sun Also Rises could be regarded as dramatized social history. But it was not intended to be the social history of a lost generation. Hemingway gave the book its two epigraphs, one from Gertrude Stein and the other from Ecclesiastes to show that Stein's remark about une génération perdue did not represent his own position. He could not agree with her at all. His reason for adding the quotation from Ecclesiastes was to indicate his own belief that "there was no such things as a lost generation."

I thought beat-up, maybe in many ways. But odammed if we were lost except for deads, queules cassées, and certified crazies. Lost, no. And Criqui, who was a real queule cassée, won the feather weight championship of the world. We were a very solid generation though without education (some of us). But you could always get it.²⁵ The book was not meant to be "a hollow or bitter satire, but a damn tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero." The novel is a romantic study in sexual and ultimately in spiritual frustration.

Like all Hemingway's heroes Jake Barnes is a wounded man. He is caponized by an impersonal force for no apparent reason at all. Over and over he wonders, Why did it have to happen to me? The church of our time apparently offers no sanctuary to Jake, his relations with it are as sterile as his relations with Brett Ashley. He tries to pray, but only the mockery of prayer is left to our day--God is so far removed

²⁵Ernest Hemingway to Carlos Baker, Easter Sunday, 1951

from the unreasonableness of human events that he has become a mere abstraction. Jake's life is empty--but his generation did not create this hell, they were its victims. His predicament is hopeless and certain--there is no turning back and no recovery. At first they wanted to laugh but soon they grew tired of that. Jake's war-wound was once funny. Brett had found it a joke. "I laughed about it too, myself, once." She wasn't looking at me. "A friend of my brother's came hometh that way from Mons. It seemed like a hell of a joke. Chaps never know anything, do they?"

"No," I said, "Nobody ever knows anything."

They began believing in nothing. These people do feel despair. But they had found an answer to it. And Jake is immuring himself in an ivory tower of trying not to feel.²⁷ He has his emotions worn away. Jake Barnes and his friends have ceased to believe in all the old noble purposes. For this reason they are mentally at ease, though the ease may be stagnation, and enjoy life in the way they know it attainable. Jake Barnes realized why the fiesta was his ideal environment: "Everything became quite unreal finally and it seemed as though nothing could have any consequences. It seemed out of place to think of consequences during the fiesta." Living as near to natural life as possible, Jake refuses to concern himself with political or economic structure. The contrast between the authentic Hemingway hero and the complicated one is evident between Jake Barnes and Robert Cohn. Cohn is the antithesis of Hemingway's hero.

²⁷ Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work (Edgar Johnson); ed. j. McCaffery

Jake, as a result of his wound, leads a simple, unentangled life-- he is Jake Barnes, no more, no less. Cohn, on the other hand, is forever struggling to be something other than himself. His emotions bind him first to Frances, then to Brett Ashley. He wants to go to South America, but Frances doesn't want to go. Jake says, "Tell her to go to hell." "I can't," says Cohn. "I have certain obligations to her." When Jake walks down the Boulevard Raspail, he thinks:

"It is a street I do not mind walking down at all. But I cannot stand to ride along it. Perhaps I had read something about it once. That was the way Robert Cohn was about all Paris. Possibly from Mencken. Mencken hates Paris, I believe. So many young men get their likes and dislikes from Mencken." Cohn is thus grouped with those who get their opinions from others. And it is somewhat ironic that Hemingway's fictive world was to become a pattern of behaviour for many young people, just as Mencken's pose already had.

There is an implicit code of conduct in the behaviour of most of Hemingway's characters. It derives from admiration for and observance of the physical virtues, courage and endurance. Moral courage has little place in this code. The code is based on those things that people enjoy and therefore it is very rarely indeed that anyone has to oppose his will to his desires. Thus morality in the conventional sense is scarcely recognized. The code consists of the minimum regulations for a life without responsibility. The code is best illustrated in this novel, particularly in the passages where Cohn persistently breaks it by refusing to admit defeat, by discussing his own emotions, and by being altogether too loquacious about certain subjects. He is finally morally

defeated by Romero, the matador, who refuses to surrender even when he has been repeatedly knocked down by Cohn. The brave matador Romero is a natural man; he is used as a force of antithesis. His control accents Cohn's emotionalism; his courage, Cohn's essential cowardice; his self-reliance, Cohn's miserable fawning dependence; his dignity, Cohn's self-pity; his natural courtesy, Cohn's basic rudeness and egotism. The enmity between the bullfighter and the boxer reaches its climax when Cohn invades Romero's room and finds Brett there. In a bedroom fist-fight the boxer has every advantage over the bullfighter except those internal qualities which fists cannot touch. Though he is knocked down fifteen times, Romero will not lose consciousness, give up, shake hands, or stop trying to hit Cohn for as long as he can see him. "That's quite a kid," says Bill afterwards. "He ruined Cohn," says Mike. Cohn presently leaves Pamplona under the cloud of his own ruin.

Another illustration of the code is when Jake Barnes decides to get rid of Cohn by talking him to a café and then excusing himself because he has to send off some cables. He had work to do but could not admit it. "It is very important to discover graceful exits like that in the newspaper business, where it is such an important part of the ethics that you should never seem to be working."

Sometimes we see two codes making contact, but rarely with happy results. Jake Barnes was made to feel very uncomfortable during the fiesta as a result of one such contact. He could enter into the circle of bullfighters but it was a different world from that of Paris and he knew it. One great difference was that in bullfighting circles work was the first thing, not something that you pretended did not exist. A bullfighter was a serious workman. His attitude to drink and sex was

the reverse of an expatriate newspaper man's. In the one code work made drink and sex possible; in the other work could suffer from them. When Lady Brett Ashley seduced Romero it was equivalent to expulsion from the circle for Jake, who had introduced them to each other. Women are a normal part of a bullfighter's life but Romero was young and promising, and the fiesta was not yet finished. Montoya, Jake's host at the hotel and an enthusiastic supporter of the bullring, ceased to speak to him. Jake could not allow his unhappiness to show itself, but the reader feels pity because of his silence and acceptance.

The surprising thing about The Sun Also Rises, considering its reputation as a novel portraying the failure of love to realize itself, is the amount of love that does in fact exist between Jake and Brett and Bill and Mike. The tragedy of Jake's life was that he probably never understood what love might be until it was too late. He is a man who wants desperately to love but knows that consummation is not possible. Theodore Bardocke, referring to the part played by love and sex in *Fiesta*, says that Hemingway writes of the lost relationship between love and sex. But this is true only of that novel, where Jake knows love without sex and Brett sex without love.

Hemingway divides his women into the good and the bad, according to the extent to which they complicate a man's life. Those who are simple, who participate in relationships with the heroes and yet leave the heroes as free as possible, receive sympathetic treatment; those who are demanding, who restrict the liberty of the heroes, who attempt to possess them, are the women whom men can live without. In Hemingway's opinion the ideal love of a woman for a man is a love in which she loses

her being but has it in the being of her man. Whether women like it or not, submission is the basis of love. And even friendship, usually supposed to be a preparatory state, can only exist on the basis of love. "Women made such swell friends. Awfully swell. In the first place, you had to be in love with a woman to have a basis of friendship." In other words, apart from positive dislike or indifference, the relation between men and women must be founded on male superiority. And although this view can be most easily traced in the novels subsequent to Fiesta, it may be that part of Brett's disaster lay in her refusal to accept it. The affaire d'amour of Brett and Jake is not so simple. The two persons in the novel who seem inevitably to be lovers are prevented from that relationship by the physical incapacity of Jake. Brett is engaged to Mike and becomes enamored of Romero; yet these are always recognized as passing affairs, for it is Jake she really loves. Time and again in the novel we are made aware of a straining together of Brett and Jake, a mutual yearning always ending in a sense of frustration and futility. This piece in the total Hemingway love pattern is not so ill-fitting as it might at first appear. Actually it supplies further substantiation of Hemingway's view that it is impossible for both lovers in a union to exist synchronously as persons. Brett, unlike most Hemingway heroines, is not submerged as a person; with the exception of a moment when she meets Romero, she remains a willing, thinking, independent being from first to last. But had she and Jake been able to consummate their love, it would have been necessary, according to the code, for one of them to surrender his personality, to cease to be a subject and become an object. Unable to have sexual relations with her real love, Brett does have them

with others, but except for Romero they are objects, not subjects. And Brett first fights down Romero's attempt to destroy her--he wants her to let her hair grow, dress like other women, and marry him. This is the rare occasion in a Hemingway story when a heroine who is admirable by his standards remains a person.

Finding it impossible for love to realize itself, Jake and Brett wait out their days in an endless succession of night life, strong drink and sensory experiences, trying to construct an existence from the debris of moral and spiritual collapse of our time.

The sense of place, the sense of fact and the sense of scene is present at the core of Hemingway's works. The first of these, which is a passion with Hemingway, is the sense of place. Unless you have geographical background you have nothing. Along with the sense of place, and as part of it, is the sense of fact. Facts march through all his pages. The sense of place and the sense of fact are indispensable to Hemingway's art. Sometimes, especially in the early works, the facts seem too many for the effect apparently intended.

It is hard to discover what purpose beyond the establishment of the sense of place is served by Barnes's walk with Bill Gorton through the streets of Paris. The direction is from Madame Lecomte's restaurant on the Ile St. Louis across to the left bank of the Seine, and eventually up the Boulevard du Port Royal to the Cafe Select. The walk fills only two pages, yet it seems much longer and does not further the action except to provide Jake and Bill with healthy after-dinner exercise. At Madame Lecomte's (the facts), they have eaten "a roast chicken, new green beans, mashed potatoes, a salad and some apple pie and cheese." To the native

Parisian the pleasure in the after-dinner walk would consist in the happy recognition of the way it was that time in Paris. Here lay the bridges and the streets, the squares and the cafés. If you followed them in the prescribed order, you came to the café where Lady Brett Ashley sat on a high stool at the bar.

If an imaginative fusion of the sense of place and the sense of fact is to occur, and if, out of the fusing process, dramatic life is to arise, a third element is required. This may be called the sense of scene. How was it, for example, that second day of the San Fermin fiesta in the Pamplona bullring after Romero had killed the first bull?

They had hitched the mules to the dead bull and then the whips cracked, the man ran, and the mules, straining forward, their legs pushing, broke into a gallop, and the bull, one horn up, his head on its side, swept a swath smoothly across the sand and out the red gate.

Here are a dead bull, men, mules, whips, sand, and a red gate like a closing curtain--the place and the facts. But here also are several verbs and adverbs which fuse and co-ordinate the diverse facts of place and set them in motion. The sentence is very satisfying as a scene. The pattern in the quoted passage is that of a task undertaken, striven through, and smoothly completed. His work shows great restraint.

It was a beech wood and the trees were very old. Their roots bulked above the ground and the branches were twisted. We walked on the road between the thick trunks of the old beeches and the sunlight came through the leaves in light patches on the grass. The trees were big, and the foliage was thick but it was not gloomy. There was no undergrowth, only the small grass, very green and fresh, and the big

gray trees were well spaced as though it were a park. "This is country," Bill said. It is such country as an impressionist might paint in subdued colours which Hemingway employs. Even the arrangement of the beech trees themselves, like the choice of the words, is clean and classical. When he has finished it is possible to say: "This is country."

For all the restraint, the avoidance of colour-flaunting adjectives the paragraph is loaded with precisely observed fact: beech wood, old trees, twisted branches, smooth green grass. One cannot say that he has been given a generalized landscape--there are too many exact factual observations. On the other hand, the uniquenesses of the place receive no special emphasis. One recognizes easily the generic type of the clean and orderly grove. Undoubtedly, the intent is to provide a generic frame within which the reader is at liberty to insert his own uniquenesses--as many or as few as his imagination may supply.

For some writers it would take several pages to describe the difference between night and day. Hemingway merely says: "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night^{it} is another thing," and it is enough. He is rather more loquacious when trying to establish feeling about place, but not very loquacious and in his colloquial terms he tells us exactly what he wants us to know. Here is another piece of exact writing that appears much easier than it is.

It was like certain dinners I remember during the war. There was much wine, an ignored tension, and a feeling of things coming that you could not prevent happening. Under the wine I lost the disgusted feeling and was happy. It seemed they were all such nice people.

These examples seem to reverse the belief that Hemingway's perception is hard and limited to the eye.

Hemingway's artistic method is one of implication rather than explication. It is rarely that one finds his fictional character meditating explicitly at such length as Jake Barnes.

...I thought I had been getting something for nothing. That only delayed the presentation of the bill. The bill always came. That was one of the swell things you could count on.

I thought I paid for everything. Not like the woman pays and pays and pays. No idea of retribution or punishment, just exchange of values. You gave up something and got something else. Or you worked for something. You paid some way for everything that was any good. I paid my way into enough things that I liked, so that I had a good time. Either you paid by learning about them, or by experience, or by taking chances, or by money. Enjoying living was learning to get your money's worth and knowing when you'd had it. You could get your money's worth. The world was a good place to buy in. It seemed like a fine philosophy. In five years, I thought, it will seem just as silly as all the other fine philosophies I've had.

A much more typical method, based on allusion and implication, is that of the dialogue between Jake Barnes and Brett Ashley as they drive in a taxi through the Paris night:

"And there's not a damn thing we could do," I said

"I don't know," she said. "I don't want to go through that hell again."

"We'd better keep away from each other."

"But, darling, I have to see you. It isn't all that you know."

"No, but it always gets to be."

"That's my fault. Don't we pay for all the things we do though."

She had been looking into my eyes all the time. Her eyes had different depths, sometimes they seemed perfectly flat. Now you could see all

the way into them.

"When I think of the hell I've put chaps through, I'm paying for it all now."

This characteristic passage illustrates one of the methods by which Hemingway gets his effects. It is reticent, allusive, leaves much half said and more unsaid, and in so doing it communicates far more than another writer might achieve in a page of explicit description of the emotional tension between Jake and Brett or a series of chapters on Brett's relations with the chaps she's put through hell. It is a dramatist's technique, telescoping past time and action and projecting them in flashes of light which are refracted from the present dialogue. But the method is not confined to the dialogue: we learn, in four short descriptive clauses, that Jake has looked into Brett's eyes many times, has met various degrees of reservation there, and now sees her inmost feelings exposed quite unreservedly. All this Hemingway manages with the utmost economy, letting the reader see only what Jake sees at that moment, but also compelling him to feel all that Jake feels and has ever felt. This method of communicating unexpressed emotion by making the reader identify himself with the objectively-described actions and reactions of his characters is one of Hemingway's favorite and most effective devices. "He can only describe what he has seen with his eyes, touched with his hands. Not only does he mistrust any other perception, he virtually denies its possibility."²⁸ It is true that physical perception is primary with Hemingway, but it is not solitary.

Hemingway takes full advantage of prepositions. He relied especially upon them for the difficult job of describing movement through towns and across landscapes.

²⁸ Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work (Lincoln Kirstein) ed. McCaffery

The road went along the summit of the Col and then dropped down and the driver had to honk, and slow up, and turn out to avoid running into two donkeys that were sleeping in the road. We came down out of the mountains and through an oak forest, and there were white cattle grazing in the forest. Down below there were grassy plains and clear streams, and then we crossed a stream and went through a gloomy little village, and started to climb again. We climbed up and up and crossed another high Col and turned along it, and the road ran down to the right.

The situation in the background of the Sun Also Rises is the war, in which most of the characters have served and in which some of them have been physically or morally wounded. The war in which they served has deadened some of their feelings, has left them capable of enjoying only the simplest and strongest pleasures.

Nothing leads anywhere in the book. The end is hopeless. The action comes full circle--it imitates the sun of the title, which also rises only to hasten to the place where it arose.

CHAPTER III

But as the world became more political in the 1930's, Hemingway underwent a definite socialization, and in For Whom the Bell Tolls he oscillates from the "separate peace" theme to the theme "no man is an island."

When Augustin and Pilar are discussing other members of the partisan band Augustin calls the gypsy an animal. Pilar reminds him that he also is an animal but with a qualification: he is intelligent. And then Augustin puts his finger on a point: animalism pure and simple is not enough. The intelligence must still plan and direct. So in For Whom the Bell Tolls we find Hemingway and thousands of previously natural men involved in political conflict. But man cannot be reborn by adding a few words to his vocabulary: liberty, fraternity and equality. The new goals must be discovered through thought and emotion. In fact, the ordinary man does not become a politician until he is hurt. Robert Jordan tries to explain the political situation in America to the members of his partisan group in simple terms. He describes the fabian method of taxing large estates out of existence.

"But surely the big proprietors and the rich will make a revolution against such taxes. Such taxes appear to me to be revolutionary. They will revolt against the government when they see that they are threatened, exactly as the fascists have done here," Primitivo said.

"It is possible."

"Then you will have to fight in your country as we fight here."

"Yes, we will have to fight."

"But there are not many fascists in your country?"

"There are many who do not know that they are fascists, but will find it out when the time comes."

"But you cannot destroy them until they rebel?"

"No," Robert Jordan said. "We cannot destroy them. But we can educate the people so that they will fear fascism and recognize it as it appears and combat it."

In this passage one can find three points of interest. The politically uneducated partisan can see a point quickly enough when it is put to him in concrete terms. The war has quickened his political wits. Secondly, the statement that there are many who do not know they are fascists is true and arises naturally out of Hemingway's appreciation of people and politics. And thirdly, Robert Jordan says the people must be educated. Jake Barnes would not have said such a thing. Education was part of the world he tried to escape.

Yet it is a slow process, turning ordinary men into politicians. The illustration of this is to be found when the partisans, although still disclaiming political affiliation, admit the need of direction and control. And this was exactly the position in which Robert Jordan found himself. He was helping the Republic because he loved Spain and believed in the Republic. But he had no politics, i.e. no body of political doctrine, only a desire to help one side in an existing conflict against the other. He was under Communist discipline for the duration of the war, because in Spain communists offered the best, soundest and surest discipline for the prosecution of war. This recognition by Hemingway of an actual wartime situation was to bring upon accusations by critics who assumed that recognition of a situation implied support of a policy. It is true that the Hemingway hero was now openly

supporting a political movement. There is an enormous difference between The Sun Also Rises and For Whom the Bell Tolls. But Hemingway is an accurate chronicler and if he has merely illustrated a change of behaviour without a simultaneous change of heart, he is illustrating the actual difference between the Paris of the twenties and the Spanish War of the thirties. When war came Jordan has chosen to participate in it. These were some of the thoughts that frequently passed through Robert Jordan's mind.

You learned the dry-mouthed, fear-purged, purging ecstasy of battle and you fought that summer and that autumn for all the things that you believed and for the new world you have been educated into. By placing his action among the high slopes of the Sierra de Guadarramas where the weather is cold and the air is clear, Hemingway has achieved a kind of idyll in the midst of war, an island surrounded by the sinister. It is there that Maria is restored to health. One sees the lowland-versus-highland image; and the plain before Madrid the fascists are deployed, but here are high slopes, concealment, and something like the good life, a veritable island in the midst of Nada. Still, in the words of Donne's devotion, "no man is an island." In this savage war, no mountain can serve as a permanent sanctuary. El Sordo, on his high hilltop position, finds no good life. Fascist cavalry surround it, and three fascist planes destroy it from above. Similarly, when the bridge is blown, Pablo's mountain cave becomes untenable as a refuge. The partisans plan to retreat across the war-swept lowlands to another mountain fastness in the Sierra de Gredos. But the planes of the enemy, in sinister threes and "threes and threes" can presumably come there, too.

The coward is a familiar character in Hemingway's work but he is never the traditional coward. In For Whom the Bell Tolls we get a careful study of a confessed coward, Pablo. He is interesting because he admits his cowardice; it is quite clear how he has arrived at his condition, clear both to himself and to the reader. But the epithet is not easily borne. The concept of cowardice is so strong in the tradition that it is struggled against even when it is recognized as a reality. When Pilar calls Pablo a coward he is offended. "Coward," Pablo said bitterly. "You treat a man as coward because he has a tactical sense. Because he can see the results of an idiocy in advance. It is not cowardly to know what is foolish."

"Neither is it foolish to know what is cowardly," said Anselmo, unable to resist making the phrase.

Fear and its result in action, cowardice, being so common, attempts are always being made to interpret them as something else. One of the clearest accounts of how fear can disable a personality is to be found in this book. The partisans are discussing divination. For Robert Jordan the evil prognostications are always the product of fear.

"I believe that fear produces evil visions," Robert Jordan said. "Seeing bad signs."

"Such as the airplanes today," Primitivo said.

"Such as thy arrival," Pablo said softly and Robert Jordan looked across the table at him, saw it was not a provocation but only an expressed thought, then went on.

"Seeing bad signs, one, with fear, imagines an end for himself and one thinks that imagining becomes divination," Robert Jordan concluded.

"I believe there is nothing more to it than that. I do not believe in ogres, nor soothsayers, nor in supernatural things."

"But this one with the rare name saw his fate clearly," the gypsy said. "And that was how it happened."

"He did not see it," Robert Jordan said. "He had a fear of such a possibility and it became an obsession. No one can tell me that he saw anything." The chief consolation is that fear can be overcome.

One of the main themes of For Whom the Bell Tolls is the theme of love. Hemingway's supreme expression of love is that of Jordan and Maria. It most strongly expresses the desire of the two lovers for a mystical union in which they become one. The idea is treated extensively. It begins in the sleeping-bag, when Maria says, "We will be as one animal in the forest and be so close that neither one can tell that one of us is one and not the other. Can you not feel my heart be your heart?"

"Yes. There is no difference."

"Now, feel. I am thee and thou art me and all of one is the other. And I love thee, oh, I love thee so. Are we not truly one? Canst thou not feel it?"

"Yes," he said. "It is true."

"And feel now. Thou hast no heart but mine."

Again she says, "But we will be one now and there will never be a separate one...I will be thee when thou art not there." And later, when she is holding the horses and worrying about Robert at the bridge, she decides to pray for him "because I am not here. There isn't any me. I am only with him."

After he is hurt by the fall of the big gray horse and must be

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left behind, Robert Jordan tells Maria,

"Listen. We will not go to Madrid now but I go always with thee wherever thou goest. Understand?" And again, "Thou wilt go now, rabbit. But I go with thee. As long as there is one of us there is both of us... If thou goest then I go too. Do you not see how it is? Whichever one there is, is both." She answers, "I will stay with thee."

"Nay, rabbit. Listen. That people cannot do together. Each one must do it alone. But if thou goest then I go with thee. It is in that way that I go too. Thou wilt go now. I know. For thou art good and kind. Thou wilt go now for us both."

Immediately following the sleeping-bag episode already mentioned, in which Jordan agrees with Maria that they are one, a Fascist cavalryman rides in upon them suddenly while Rafael, the gypsy who is supposed to be on guard, is killing two hares he found engaged in a love feast. Jordan shoots the cavalryman, and bristles with alertness to any possible subsequent danger. And Hemingway states unequivocally:

"She had no place in his life now." Perhaps the death of two rabbits is symbolic. Regardless, the "I am thee" union is definitely disrupted for Jordan, and even when he tells Maria at the end of the book to go and take him with her one cannot but feel that he is speaking to her as if she were a child believing in miracles in which he has only pretensions of belief. Though Maria is one of Hemingway's ideal heroines, willing completely to subjugate her life to Jordan's, loving her can never be more than a part of Jordan's life. When the guerrilla band has ridden away, leaving Jordan behind holding off death from the others, Hemingway says, "They were all gone now and he was alone with his back

against a tree." He has told Maria that each must meet death alone; now he sits in Hemingway's typical situation--facing death--and thinking little about the girl with whom he has made a love pact. Maria continues to be Jordan; but Jordan is never for long Maria. That is the way love is in man's world. It is a world where love can never be satisfactory for the Jake Barneses, because the Brett Ashleys can never be absorbed by castratos; where true love exists only when a Maria renounces herself in favour of her man, and where love can never mean everything for the hero, because to live authentically, he must remain alone in the presence of death.

For Whom the Bell Tolls breaks new ground. For the first time we feel that Hemingway had studied his characters, not only with his senses. The characterisation is too obvious. Hemingway moved. Without sacrificing the value of suggestion where the reader is required to supply his own imaginative clothing for an idea nakedly projected, Hemingway has come to appreciation of the value of ingestion. This signifies a bearing within, a willingness to put in, and to allow to operate within the substance of a piece of writing, much that formerly would have been excluded in favour of suggestion.

The result of this willingness is a notable gain in richness and depth without sacrifice of the values inherent in the principle of suggestiveness. What Hemingway allows us to know of Pilar's past, for example, enriches, activates, and deepens our sense of her vital performance in the present. The willingness, even the eagerness, to invent that past, to stay and see how it informs the present, is a mark of the transition achieved by the fully mature artist in Hemingway. The will

to report has given place to the willingness to invent, though the values of the will to report have not been sacrificed in the process. There were formerly only limited vistas back through time. Now the full panoply of time past is at work in time present.

Sense of perception and feeling about place are closely bound up.

Pilar and the smell of death. This is the smell I love. This and fresh-cut clover, the crushed sage as you ride after cattle, woodsmoke and the burning leaves of autumn. That must be the odour of nostalgia, the smell of the smoke from the pile of raked leaves burning in the streets in the fall in Missoula. Which would rather smell? Sweet grass the Indians used in their baskets? Smoked leather? The odour of the ground in the spring after rain? The smell of the sea as you walk through the gorse on a headland in Galicia? Or the wind from the land as you come in toward Cuba in the dark?

Some of the smells, the burning leaves and the crushed sage, are themselves images of decay and destruction. Yet others are equally images of life. But it must not be forgotten how important death is in Hemingway's feeling about life, how automatically life presents itself to him as a brief interlude in aeons of death. Remembering this, the link is clear. Clarity of vision is the keynote. Just as smells are sharply smelt, so the sights are sharply seen. Edward Fenimore remarks on the intentionally heightened language. He remarks on "the Elizabethan tone" of a number of phrases and sentences.

That such a tone should haunt Hemingway's pages is inevitable. His tale has much of the epic in its breadth, in the plain fact that his characters mean more than themselves alone, the action they are

engaged upon being unmistakably a culminating point pushed up by profound national or universal forces. In the Elizabethan, the English possesses an epic language, and it is into the forms of this language that Hemingway, through the very nature of the world he is creating... constantly passes.

The Elizabethan tone in the novel is communicated exclusively through dialogue, and even there is carefully corrected towards modernity by the intermixture of the language contemporary colloquial with the slang removed. The language is carefully tempered. A purely colloquial modern English and an English which belongs in its essence to the King James version of the Bible are brought together. With his sensitivity to the tone of language, and his feeling of what would constitute the proper blend of ancient and modern idiom in the conduct of key scenes Hemingway developed a language suitable to his epic purposes.

Collocation of the old and dignified with the new and crass is reflected in brief interchange between the rough-spoken Augustin and the supremely dignified Fernando.

"Where the hell are you going?" Agustín asked the grave little man as he came up.

"To my duty," Fernando said with dignity.

"Thy duty," said Augustin mockingly. "I besmirch the milk of thy duty."

His dialogue has a skilful impression of the idiom and glorious cursing of Spanish speech, as strongly flavoured as onions and rough wine. In the process of teaching himself to describe "what really happened in action" Hemingway learnt to discard unnecessary detail and to concentrate on the essentials. It was a matter of self-discipline which he carried

over to all kinds of narrative description, and also to the manner in which he described the setting of his action. The opening paragraph of For Whom the Bell Tolls is a typical example of the economy with which a scene is set:

He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight.

The fresh descriptions of the Spanish mountains, upland valleys and streams are written from the same intense feeling as quoted paragraph "This is country" from The Sun Also Rises.

For Whom the Bell Tolls is a new departure in Hemingway's approach to narrative construction. The experiment of the preceding years had served their purpose by teaching him how to enlarge a story without slackening his control of it. The action of the book is confined to the events of some seventy hours; the location to the upper part of a single valley in the Guadarrama; the major characters to a handful of guerrillas and a partisan agent; but the novel extends beyond these confines of time, place, and person to achieve an amplitude and complexity that Hemingway had not previously attempted. By dipping into the thought-stream of the hero as he contemplates his present task and the events which have brought him to it, by making Pilar and other members of the guerrilla band relate their accounts of earlier episodes in the war, and by taking us inside the thoughts and memories of various characters, he enlarges

its scope and dimensions to almost epic proportions. The novel is tightly-organized, well-knit, and unsprawling.

If Jordan still uses some of the salves for his wounds, -anis in his hip-flask, regard for certain superstitions and omens in connection with the good luck he needs to pull him through, -he is in command of himself and of circumstance to an extent we have not met before in the Hemingway hero. Hemingway's organization of his novels is firmly and subtly controlled, and it is not by chance that he makes Jordan declare, as he awaits his end in the pine-wood, that he doesn't believe Pilar could foresee his death in the palm of his hand; nor is it without meaning that when Jordan reaches for a spot of the giant-killer he finds that the flask has fallen out of his pocket at the bridge. Jordan faces death unaided and without fear.

I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it. And you had a lot of luck, he told himself, to have had such a good life. You've had just as good a life as grandfather's though not as long. You've had as good a life as anyone because of these last days. You do not want to complain when you have been so lucky.

Jordan has come to see the wisdom of a sacrifice, and the book ends without bitterness. The hero is still the wounded man. But Jordan has learned a lot, since the old days, about how to live and function with his wounds, and he behaves well. He dies, but has done his job, and the manner of his dying convinced many of his readers that life is worth living and that there are causes worth dying for.

CHAPTER IV

The Old Man and The Sea

On the purely literal level this story of an old fisherman's single-handed fight with a giant marlin in the Gulf Stream north of Havana is a magnificently-written narrative, direct and intense. But even unsophisticated readers can detect an extra quality in it. The story is a parable on the theme of fighting the good fight. Hemingway himself said of his book:

I tried to make a real old man, a real boy, a real sea and a real fish and real sharks. But if I made them good and true enough they would mean many things.

We may interpret the book as a double allegory, of the nature of man's struggle with life and of the artist's with his art. Hemingway has never written more meaningfully of himself than in this story. Like Santiago determining to justify his reputation as a skilled fisherman:

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

With his simple faith, his hope, and the charity of heart which binds him to his brother the fish, Santiago is endowed with the christian virtues: He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride. When he meets disaster, he wrests a moral victory from it by his courage and resolution. Nearly broken physically, but spiritually undefeated, he reaches the shore in safety.

The christian symbolism which Hemingway uses throughout his story is subtle and suggestive. The lines which cut into Santiago's palms draw blood; the cry of "Ay" when he sees the first of the sharks is "just such a noise as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood," and as he climbs the hill to his hut Santiago stumbles under the weight of the mast and cross-tree he is carrying, to collapse finally on his bed with his arms out straight and the palms of his lacerated hands upwards.

But if the story may be read as an allegory of human life, it may also be read as an allegory of the artist's struggle with his material. The old man is an expert who knows that "Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for."

He looked down into the water and watched the lines that went straight down into the dark of the water. He kept them straighter than anyone did, so that at each level in the darkness of the stream there would be a bait waiting exactly where he wished it to be for any fish that swam here. Others let them drift with the current and sometimes they were at sixty fathoms when the fishermen thought they were at a hundred. But, he thought, I keep them with precision. Only I have no luck any more. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be exact. Then when luck comes you are ready.

The fisherman's respect for the giant marlin; his resolute struggle to master it; his mounting confidence when he realizes that he is "learning how to do it...this part of it anyway," his fight against the sharks that seek to destroy the beauty and magnificence of his fish; and the

undefeated courage and hope which, even in failure, will take him out to sea again, include amongst their many meanings all that Hemingway has been doing in the practice of his art. As always the code hero Santiago proves that while a man may grow old, and be wholly down on his luck, he can still dare, stick to the rules, persist when he is beaten, and thus by the manner of his losing win his victory. The novel is a representation of life as a struggle against unconquerable natural forces in which a kind of victory is possible. The finest of the code heroes, the old Santiago, brings the following message: this is life--you lose, of course; what counts is how you conduct yourself while you are being destroyed.

The knowledge that a simple man is capable of the decency, dignity, and heroism that Santiago possesses, and that his battle can be seen in heroic terms is perhaps the greatest victory that Hemingway has won.

The story is beautifully written, in a simple prose which, without straining for archaism, has a flavour of the cool dignity. The prose is lucid and pictorial: the colours of sea and sky, the purple and lavender of the jumping marlin, and the beads of water shaken from the taut brown fishing line, are clearly visualized.

The Old Man and the Sea did come to stand as the epilogue to all Hemingway's writing not only because it was the last of his books to be published while he lived but also because its virtues made it representative of his true forte in the writing of fiction. The story embodies in a stirring narrative of courage and endurance the sum of what Hemingway had learned in the lifelong process of writing and living. He showed what a human being is capable of and proved something about "the dignity of the human soul without the word soul being capitalized."

Apart from its literary excellence the importance of The Old Man and the Sea lies in its truthful development from what has gone before. However often Hemingway's active, enquiring mind takes him off his natural track he always returns to it. The new lesson that Hemingway has learnt is that the secret of life lies in communion.

Alone in the ocean, hungry and in pain, the old man becomes a little mystical although he calls it unclear in the head. He knows that the only real thing in life is communion, the only warm and comforting thing. He knew communion with the boy who helped him but he learnt that the only everlasting communion is to be found in death. The old man thinks, "If you love him it is not a sin to kill him." To kill is to institute an unforgettable and irreversible relationship. Man and beast are contracted as intelligence and nobility. "But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them, although they are more noble and more able."

"Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts." What distinguishes man, apart from his intelligence? The capacity for hope, probably.

But man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated.

It is silly not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin.

Hope is a duty of man. Without it his intelligence would merely be balanced by the beast's courage and strength, and he would suffer defeat as frequently as he achieved victory. He must regard the capacity for hope as one of his most precious possessions.

The old man of the sea, who "took his suffering as it came," is almost a classical symbol of the dignity of humanism.

"I will show them," he says, "what a man can do and what a man endures." After the great fish has jerked him forward into the floor of the boat, with his face in the butchered dolphin and the line racing through his hand, he puts the hand into the salt water and draws it out. "It is not bad," he says, "And pain does not matter to a man." When the galanos had devoured the body of his fish and the old man had spit up blood with the feeling that something had broken inside him, "He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy." But unlike the old man of the Esquire article who was the real-life model for the story²⁸, he does not cry and become hysterical. He has been beaten by going out too far, but he will go out again. Santiago enters the gallery of permanent heroes effortlessly, as if he had belonged here from the beginning. The story is superbly told and in telling it Ernest Hemingway uses all the craft his hard, disciplined effort over so many years has given him.

²⁸On the Blue Water was published in Esquire, v(Apr.1936), 31, 184-185, cf. Young, Ernest Hemingway, p.95

CONCLUSION

We tried to show Hemingway's world--the world his experience has caused his imagination to create in books. It is, of course, a very limited world. It is, ultimately, a world at war--war either literally as armed and calculated conflict, or figuratively as marked everywhere with violence. The people of this world operate under such conditions as are imposed by war. Restricted by the urgencies of war, their pleasures are limited pretty much to those the senses can communicate, and their morality is a harshly pragmatic affair; what's moral is what you feel good after. Related to this is the code, summarizing the virtues of the soldier, the ethic of wartime. It seems probable that Hemingway did more to set the tone for writing about war than any other modern writer. More than most writers has he shown throughout his career a constant preoccupation with certain basic themes. The matters that have agitated his mind and sensibility are war, violence and death.

All of Hemingway's compulsions stem from his feeling about death, with which he has been concerned in a way that few authors have since John Donne posed for a sculptor, wrapped in his winding sheet!¹

Indeed it would be difficult to find an author who has written of death as often and as consistently as has Hemingway. At one time or another he has described the death of grasshoppers, and fish; how hyenas die; how soldiers die, death in Italy, in Africa and in Spain, death alone and death in a group; selfish death, sacrificing death, and graceful death. Because of this intense preoccupation with death in all its forms, the discovery of the role which death plays in Hemingway's

¹Granville Hicks, "Twenty Years of Hemingway," The New Republic, Oct. 23, 1944, p. 524

fiction is the key to the interpretation of his work. Interest in death both stimulates the aesthetic interest and is part of it: only in contrast to death does life have meaning. In the blinding flash of a shell, in the icy-burning impact of a bullet, in the sudden contact of a bull's horn, in that twilight between life and imminent death where time and place are irrelevant questions, man faces his freedom. Nothing has any meaning at that instant except survival and existence. There is one catch to the fact that life receives its real meaning when set over against death: for life to continue to have meaning, the death experience must be repeated again and again. Death is the traumatic experience that opens to Hemingway's characters two ways of life--simple and complicated.

The opposition between two worlds, one simple, the other complicated, is present in the entire body of Hemingway's fiction; and the bifurcation always occurs after an experience of violence or death, in which the distinction between authentic existence and complicated being is made clearly recognizable. Hemingway's distinction between simple and complicated corresponds to the authentic-unauthentic. It is the basic nature of a man to be free--and it is this freedom that appears to him in the moment of anguish or dread. If he accepts his freedom, he acts authentically. Those who have seen death at close range never re-enter the old world of complications. A decision to be at all times an authentic person and to bear the responsibilities of personal action means to achieve individuality as the only vital entity of existence. In Hemingway's philosophy the opportunity for such a decision is presented as a moment of crisis, which, for him, is produced by confronting death or violence.

Those who maintain a simple existence in Hemingway's fiction are also those who strive to give aesthetic content to their lives. Their ethics of existence, and the very questions of living and dying, are aesthetic in nature: to exist, to stand out is automatically to assume aesthetic factor. To face death and face it often; to renounce the more comfortable way of the complicated life in favour of the simpler, to live with a self-imposed morality--this for Hemingway is to live authentically in our time.

Hemingway belongs to the violent age, and the manner in which he has treated the materials of our time has contributed much to the understanding of it. His world is one in which things explode and break. It is saved from total misery by visions of endurance, competence and courage, by what happiness the body can give when it is not in pain, by a pleasure in the countries one can visit, and the cafes one can sit in, and by very little else. Hemingway's characters do not "mature" in the ordinary sense: it is impossible to picture them in a family circle, in situations of routine life. It is a very narrow world. Hemingway has a quick eye for the essentials of a scene and of a movement, perceptiveness about people and how they feel and behave, and a natural ear for dialogue. He has a vision of life which deals with matters of fundamental importance to the majority of his contemporaries.

One can like or dislike Hemingway's world, but he would not find it easy to prove that it is not the world his generation has been living in. With all his obvious limitations, it is possible that Hemingway has been saying many of the truest things of our age truly; and these are materials for the building of a permanent literary reputation.

Hemingway's prose is easily recognized. For the most part it is colloquial, characterized chiefly by a conscientious simplicity of diction and sentence structure. The words are normally short and common ones and there is a severe economy and freshness in their use. The words "strike you, each one, as if they were pebbles fetched fresh from a brook." The typical sentence is a simple declarative one, or a couple of them joined by a conjunction. The effect is of cleanness, clarity, and a scrupulous care, and a scrupulous care goes into the composition; Hemingway works slowly and revises extensively. He claims to have read through the manuscript of The Old Man and the Sea some two hundred times before he finished it.

Events are described strictly in the sequence in which they occurred; no mind reorders or analyses them, and preceptions come to the readers unmixed with comment from the author. The impression, therefore, is of intense objectivity; the writer provides only stimuli. The vision is sharply focused. His style is as communicative of the content as the content itself, and is a large and inextricable part of the content. The strictly disciplined controls exerted over the hero and his nervous system are parallels to the strictly disciplined sentences. The prose is tense because the atmosphere in which the struggle for control takes place is tense, and the tension in the style expresses this fact. The style is the clear voice of the content.

Interesting writers do progress, and so did Hemingway. We have already pointed out that Hemingway stresses the extreme importance of the individual. His hero in the early novels isolates himself from the society, trying to achieve the "separate peace," the only peace which can

be won in our time. But Hemingway, as he grew older and as the world became more political in the 1930's, underwent a definite socialization. With Harry Morgan's dying words, "a man ain't got no bloody chance alone," Hemingway was oscillating from the "separate peace" to the "no man is an island" theme of For Whom the Bell Tolls. Though Hemingway was influenced by the political situation of the late twenties and the thirties, he held true to his original world view, not so much deviating from his position as expanding it. When he writes in To Have and Have Not that a man hasn't got a bloody chance alone; and when in For Whom the Bell Tolls he begins by quoting Donne's "No man is an island, entire by itself...therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee" he is not inconsistent with his emphasis on individualism. He is expanding his treatment of the individual as the individual is related to the whole of humanity. Doubtless, Hemingway was moved to the social treatment of his work by the fermentation of world conditions at the time, and Jordan speaks of the cause and even feels brotherhood with others in the cause. There is much talk in the novel about duty and discipline, words that Hemingway would ordinarily eschew. Yet they are necessary in time of war. Duty consumed individuality. But as soon as war is over, the individual takes up his freedom again. If For Whom the Bell Tolls showed that Hemingway moved, The Old Man and the Sea represents a great change in its author. Hemingway stresses the importance of communion even if its only complete realization lies in death. He showed a reverence for life's struggle. The knowledge that a simple man is capable of the decency, dignity and even heroism that Santiago possesses, and that his battle can be seen in heroic terms is perhaps the greatest victory that Hemingway has won. Very likely this is the thing he had in

mind when he remarked, shortly after finishing the book, that he had got, finally, what he had been working for all his life.

Hemingway has been charged with presenting characters who have no history, creatures of sensation who live entirely in the present: we have already discussed the mistakenness of this view. It is true that in his early writing Hemingway makes the main stress on suggestion. But he moved. Without sacrificing the value of suggestion where the reader is required to supply his own imaginative clothing for an idea nakedly projected, Hemingway has come to appreciation of the value of ingestion. This signifies a bearing within, a willingness to put in, and to allow to operate within the substance of a piece of writing, much that formerly would have been excluded in favor of suggestion. The result of his willingness is a notable gain in richness and depth without sacrifice of the values inherent in the principle of suggestiveness. The willingness to invent the past, to stay and see how it informs the present, is a mark of the transition achieved by the fully mature artist in Hemingway. The will to report has given place to the willingness to invent, though the values of the will to report have not been sacrificed in the process.

Hemingway was truly serious about life. He belongs to the violent age. He stresses the importance of the individual as the only genuinely vital entity of existence. He sees that individuality is not a quality which can be superimposed externally on a man, but that it must be internally achieved by a decision to be at all times an authentic person and to accept the full responsibility of action. In his philosophy the opportunity for such a decision is presented as a moment of crisis, which, for him, is produced by confronting death or violence. For him

the choice is never made finally, but must be made again and again, as if it had never been made before. The real hero is the man who chooses this difficult way to himself, who perpetually reconstitutes his existence by choosing to be authentic and to bear the responsibility of personal action.

For Hemingway God is dead in our time, and the traditional ethic is invalid. Hence every man is directed to himself for the formation of a new ethic which will stand in an intimate relation to him alone.

The Hemingway hero passes through the experience of violence into a world that is invariably simpler than the one from which he has come. Living in the presence of death eliminates the trivia from existence and clearly establishes honest, unadorned being itself as that which is worth seeking in our time. Consequently, those who have seen death at close range never re-enter the old world of complications, where the population buys irresponsibility and spiritual consolation at the price of individuality. Instead, they seek to perpetuate the traumatically-induced simplicity by continual visitations to scenes of violence--to wars, to bullfights, to excitement on the high seas. If they are lucky, they come through to the elder years covered with the scars of their wounds, but as men who have truly lived.

The hero is very much alone in this world, because he has no God and no real brother. Only the dying embers of religion appear to glow from time to time; but when the mind is clean and well-lighted the glow pales away, and spiritual aspirations are recognized as obsolete in our time.

To insure the world freedom which guarantees individual freedom, the hero joins the army in time of war. In doing so, he swears allegiance

to the brotherhood of man and voluntarily suspends his own subjectivity until the freedom of all is assured. But to be externally disciplined is a strain upon him, and he anxiously awaits the dissolution of the fraternity and the moment of his return to the separate peace.

There is not even real lasting love for him. Death being an indiscriminate simplifier, it shears away love with all the other complications of life. Even when a man and woman try to reach an ideal love, it is interrupted by death. To face death and face it often; to renounce the more comfortable way of the complicated life in favour of the simpler; to learn to live in a world without God and to learn to live with a self-imposed morality--this for Hemingway is to live authentically in our time. And for him there is no material more truly heroic than the life that is lived authentically.

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